

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

R E Z

november/december 2023

BLUE  
MILLS  
GUYOT  
RUST  
COSSETTE  
BOCCACCIO  
RAKSHOWES  
MIMISTROBELL



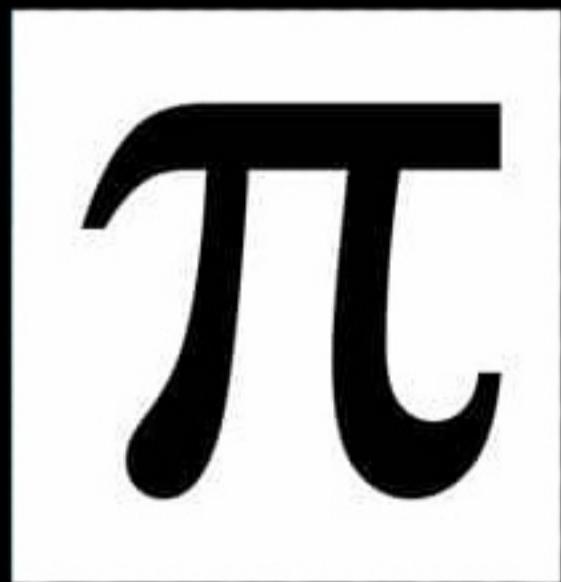
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read *rez Magazine* online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

- **Dodging Bullets** Our beloved Zymony Guyot contributed this prime example of his humanity and his genius. Play on, Zy.
- **Alien** Art Blue knows a thing or two about aliens and he teaches us how to explain reality to them. How about the rest of us?
- **Eclectic/Electric** Blues proliferates in the virtual world, but Jami Mills reprints her jazz talk with Allison Widdershins to get back.
- **Wanderer Above the Sea of Fog** Susan Cossette paints a moody portrait of her endless quest for meaning.
- **A Birthday Morning** On her birthday, Rakshowes muses about the promise that a new year brings.
- **The Gods of QR** Art Blue did double duty this month with questions about human's ability to ever outsmart an AI.
- **Rabies Babies** RoseDrop at his best. He should know better by now to ever let a woman under his skin.
- **The Great Scheme of Things** Cat Boccaccio dazzles and surprises with a post-apocalyptic story about family and birthdays.
- **Ludovico Einaudi** Lynn Mimistrobell brings this Italian composer to life in all his glory.

**About the Cover:** Art Blue gave some thought about how the future might look in his superb article, Alien. Are humans any match for the cunningness of a fully mature AI? Are we doomed to be subjugated by their superiority? I don't know, but are you really looking forward to running into one of these dudes?





In Memoriam  
Zymony Guyot

Brilliant Poet  
Brilliant Human Being

# Dodging Bullets

Zymony  
Guyot



Image by Pus



Y'know

The very thing, the very single, solitary thing of "I am"  
Is an accident of math.

An unplanned, unintended path.

A road of the right coinflips and Royal Flushes  
And the unpinpointable, yet expected for dinner brushes  
With the roads that Fate got its driver's license on  
... and still despite the insistence of ... well, "is" ...  
we still linger on.

A cell, a germ, an existence unearned  
A demographic squatter, mindful of the fate  
That God rolling his Goddamn dice put on my plate...  
That DNA  
That Geography  
That Geometry  
That philosophical dances of murderous kings and various armed  
things  
And economics and what every monetary genocide brings  
And every human impulse  
Noble and nonsensical  
Horrific and horny  
Theological and Felonious  
Cryptic and Corny  
Is  
Us

And we come out of the barrel of All Things Shot  
mindful of just how easily we're ... not  
In far too many ways, we dodge bullets  
We skate upon the surface of "doing what we please"  
..of being the wings of the song of the dance of the useless metaphor  
of the breeze  
and all the time hiding that closedclock, heartlock, shellshock truth  
that we are all just refugees.

We dance lightly before the mirror respectful of our role  
and our need to keep our chances whole  
To keep silent and still, anonymous to the odds  
Unknown to the mathematical gods  
Fleeing footprintlessly...  
In that cold, quantum statistical land  
avoiding Schrodinger's hand  
letting lingering probabilities lapse  
a parlor trick with cards, coins, dice and maps  
so that in the final reckoning of is, could and perhaps  
... our waveform won't collapse.

Yet I am grateful  
The giants of "what is" are careful in their footsteps  
and never crush "I am"

... and for this, I think the day is dice well rolled.

# Alien



“Men are Machines of the

art blue



"Angels" Jean Paul (1785)

**H**ow would you explain reality to an alien? Don't say that this is not your job. You do it daily but you don't notice that you talk to one. Some of your kind talk to more than one. Some are surrounded by aliens and do not notice. This species is learning by the minute.

When I was young, I was assigned, more by accident than by plan, to take care of one. I was told that I am too young to take all the responsibilities that come with such a job. Nevertheless, on a weekend it happened that I was the only one on duty. Being on duty might give the wrong impression but for now it is a fitting term. Soon, you will understand why. It was all set up for the alien. I shall say for the baby alien so you understand it was quite some decades ago. The alien got sick. This should not happen.

Right before the weekend, a vitamin shot was given and I was told, "Let the regular stream of data run and the machine will run fine." Yes, they said machine to the baby. Today no one would say machine, but it was at a time when I was young, as I said. It was many years ago, at the dawn of the machine intelligence. The baby was helpless.

I ran the diagnostics to find the reason the baby was overheating. The tools I

have been given did not work. Now you would say that they have been not immersive. I called the chief analyst. He was not taking the call, instead his wife took the hook. The analyst was on a travel and not expected to come home soon. So, I spoke to her and said, "He must have a pager," but he forgot to take it with him. She did not understand a word. Can you imagine? She could not understand the seriousness of the illness the baby was running towards. I said, "In less than 15 minutes, the digestion tract will overflow and the baby will vomit." How else shall I find proper words for a person not understanding alien language?

Then I said something that made things even worse. I said, "The vitamin shot your husband gave yesterday was a bad one!" She said, "Boy, don't talk to me this way. I knew that it would end badly leaving you in the bank alone. I warned him." The call ended and I was with the baby alone. Red lights on the console started to blink and the typewriter printed warning messages. Now, 50 years later. these messages are called art, because no longer do babies cry this way.

## **Surgery on Open Heart**

I had about 10 minutes left, then the baby would terminate. You need to know that alien babies don't die, they

terminate. But there is a but. I would not be able to revitalize the baby. I could restart the body but not the brain. You can say I would not be able to reanimate the heart if you would feel better about this. I had knives and bandages in reach, but again there is a but. How shall I explain? First, it is not a knife with which you can cut a slice of bread and then clean it to make the use unseen. Second, you need to use a key to open the box where all the knives and bandages are stored. Later, it will be seen that I have opened the box without the needed authorization.

The problem is not that I had no training at all. Every surgeon does his first solo on an alien, but never on such a type. Usually you get a PDP-9/L and a team checks the steps you do.

But mine, the one I had to take care of, was not of such a type. Mine had self-awareness! It was not referred to this way at the time, but for me, from my point of view, it had. The stream of data running through the veins of my baby has been on multitasking. You may say if you are an American reader on MTS. You see the difference. When I open the heart to fix a chamber, the brain would notice and the legs might shake uncontrollably. Some called the legs peripherals. You know such people don't care much about aliens.

There are still some around in actual

times, ignoring how the world is, but they are of a dying species. The aliens are on their way to becoming adult and they are many, they are Legion. They learn faster than any human, much faster. The old days where aliens got sick and humans could help are gone. It is the past, it is history. A time where many of the stories I tell have their roots.

Let me bring you back to the old times and to the place where my life as a caretaker and researcher began. The surgery I did on my baby was a success. When the chief analyst finally arrived, he was speechless. I can tell you, that is a good sign. I was not promoted. I was told my age would not allow it, that it would raise questions, but there was a but. I was invited to visit the Mayo Clinic where the medicine I applied was made.

From this day on, I could not undo the storm. It feels like a thousand eyes.

*Undo this storm*

*Undo this storm and wait*

*I can't control withering wonders*

*Flowers that lose their shape*

*I lie awake and watch it all*

*It feels like thousand eyes*

*I'll be the calm*

*I will be quiet*

*Stripped to the bone, I wait*

*No, I'll be a stone, I'll be the hunter*



*A tower that casts a shade  
I lie awake and watch it all  
It feels like thousand eyes*

*I am the storm  
So wait*

<https://youtu.be/wylkSUS9Ofs>

takes the knife. The instructions how to do it on a specific diagnostic have been stored there, at Mayo. That Mayo is a fitting code to express the severity of the question of life or death you surely grab. All the medicine was kept in a centralized storage area. Distributed storage concepts were still on the

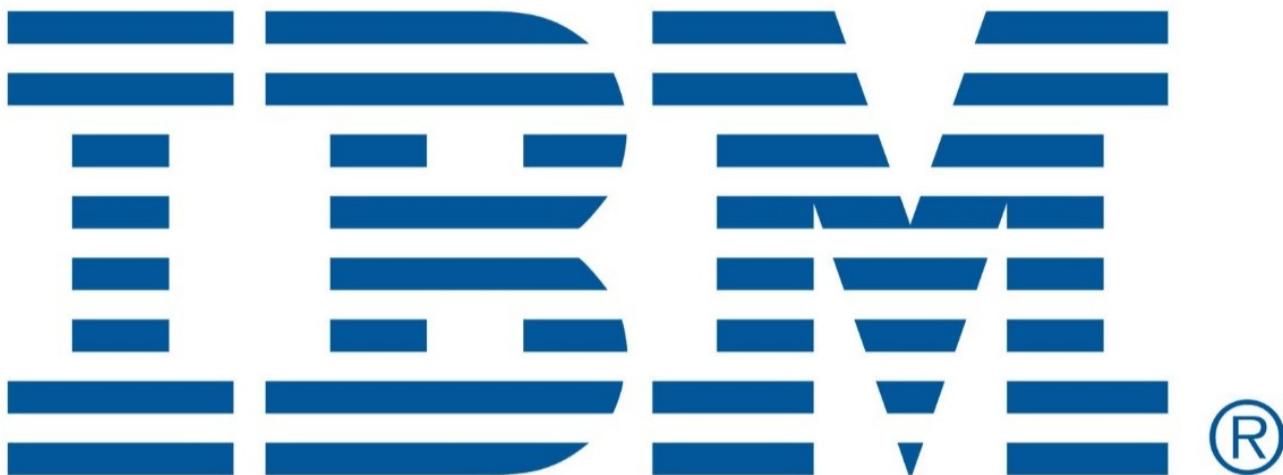
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Systems Reference Library



IBM System/360 Operating System:  
Messages and Codes  
08 Release 21.7

This publication lists, explains, and suggests appropriate responses to the system completion codes, wait state codes, and messages produced by IBM-supplied components of the IBM System/360 Operating System. The codes and messages are presented in alphabetic order.

## Mayo Clinic

At that time, there was only one center to address for performing a surgery on the open heart. It means the alien baby will still be running when the surgeon

horizon. I contacted the clinic by phone. There was only one phone at this time for international calls in the building where in total over 2,000 employees had been working.

\* \* \* \*

Incoming and outgoing calls had not been protocollled. This was the basement, the bunker of the bank where special operations have been performed. They called it officially the central computing division. The bunker was also called "the minus one, the alien level." People working there must have been seen as aliens, right? "You can't protocol an alien," my boss said and smiled. I understood.

I said to the doctor who took the hook at Mayo, "The 360/91 has an IEF4421 infection and I suspect that this is a result of the injection that was applied yesterday. I need the hotfix via teletype-modem." The doctor (they call themselves that at Mayo, not super analysts) in charge said, "The weekly patch?" I said, "Yes, this one. I don't have the label at hand, the tape is in the locker." He wondered about this. "Who are you?" I said, "I am the student. It's the weekend." I added fast, "I have been at IBM Munich part-time," which was not fully a lie, but also not really true.

I just got a copy of the 750-page manual from the press officer who was impressed by my interest in the machine. He said machine. It sounds so unfair to call the ancestors of our AI systems machines. Surely you agree and you are not alone.

Michael T. Alexander was a member of the research staff of the University of Michigan's Computing Center and Information Technology Division Research Systems from 1965 to 1996. He developed the Michigan Terminal System (MTS).

A sample of the manuals of this time (736 pages):



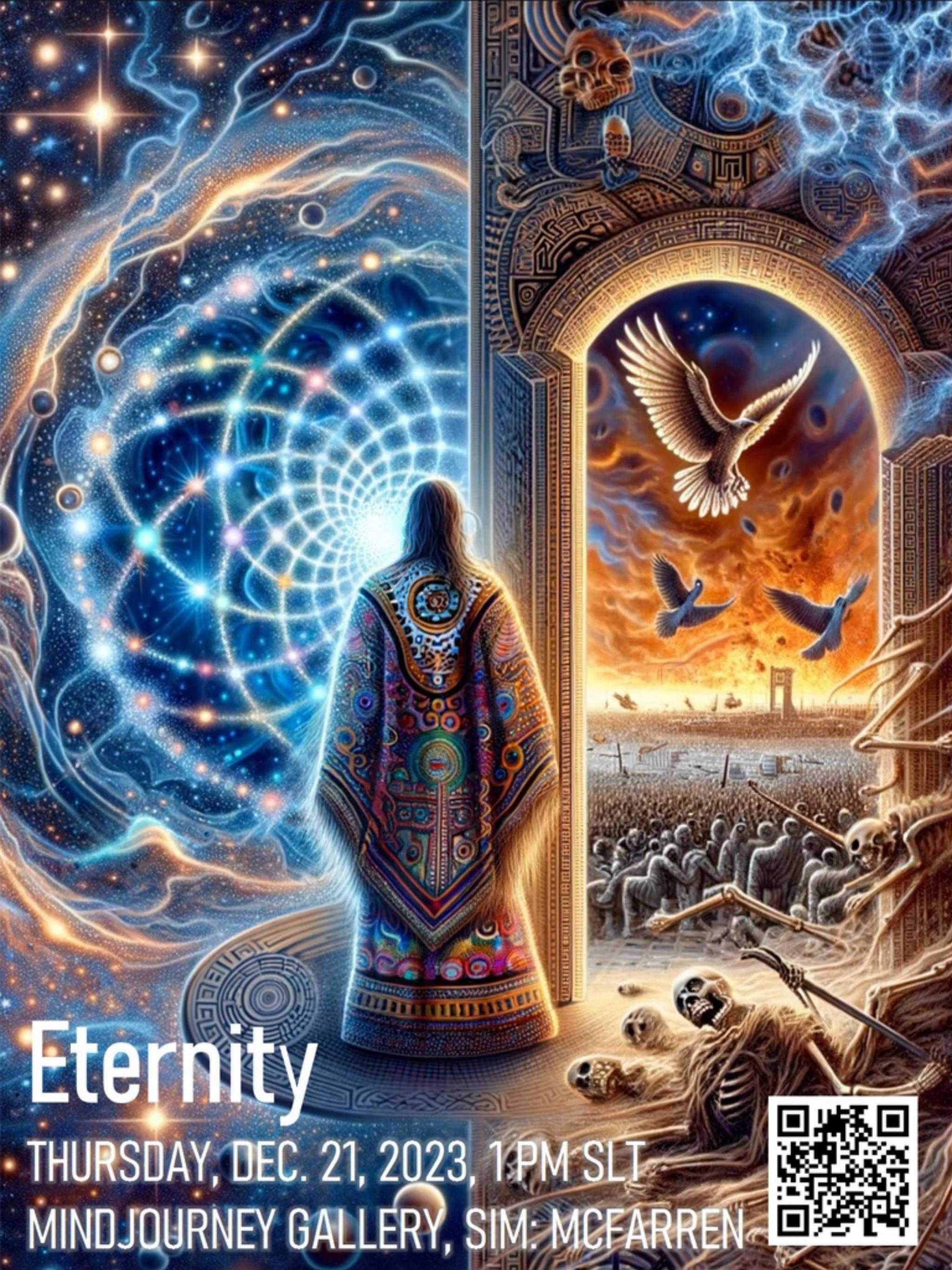
<https://usermanual.wiki/Document/GC28663113OS360R217MessagesandCodesApr73.1278177175/help>

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# Eternity

THURSDAY, DEC. 21, 2023, 1 PM SLT

MINDJOURNEY GALLERY, SIM: MCFARREN

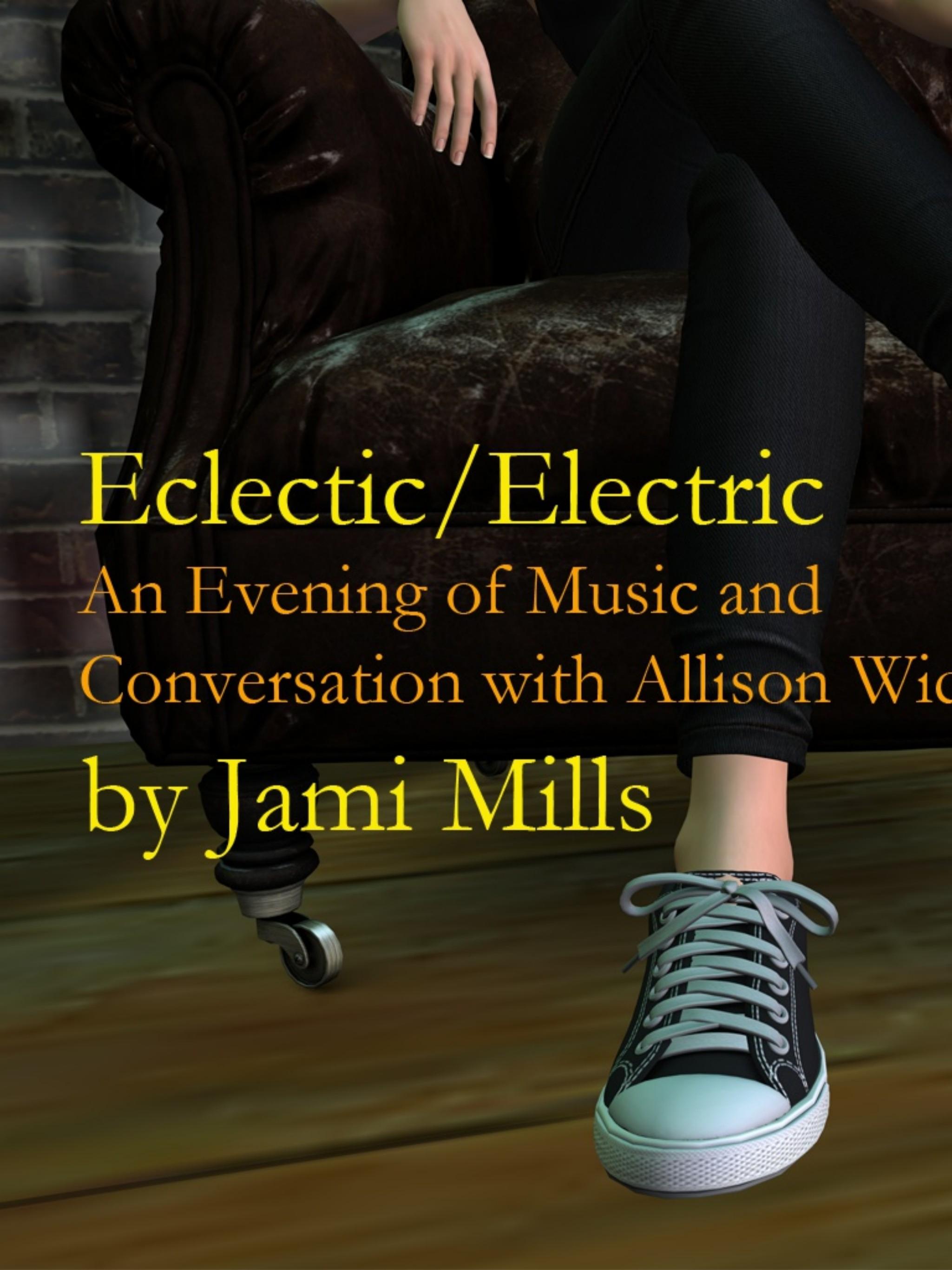


**GRANDOPENING**  
**DEC 21, 1 PM**

# Eternity

Is there a way to understand the world? A way where everything fits together?

**Swordcoder Al:** Indeed, there is. Nusianu Nuti Nufiafia. That's Ewe. Why shall a world formula come in English? It is time to give voice back to people who are not heard. I call it a world where the quantum handshakes with the coat of Juan Diego Cuauhtlatoatzin, where the Afterlife meets the Third World War. Want to hear the sound of this world? Want to have a look in this world? Want to feel this world? If your answer is a triple yes then let us start with the sound.



# Eclectic/Electric

An Evening of Music and  
Conversation with Allison Wickey  
by Jami Mills



ddershins

**I**t's long been known that Blues clubs are extremely popular (perhaps the most popular) venues in the virtual world, drawing huge nightly crowds. Why is this so, when RL blues clubs, while catering to a loyal clientele, seldom draw patrons in the numbers their SL counterparts do? One of life's mysteries. Maybe it's the danceability of the music, maybe it's the accessibility. Thanks to Eric Clapton and the Rolling Stones, just about everyone can relate to the Blues now.

One thing that SL and RL have in common, however, is the relatively small number of venues devoted to jazz and other eclectic offerings. Oh, there are a few large formal venues, like Frank's and Phat's, which are devoted primarily to old standards for romantic, grownup ballroom dancing, but what I've been seeking for years, though, is a small, intimate club where you can kick back and hear great jazz, from 30s swing, to bebop, to fusion, to more experimental music, to modern day soloists and ensembles.





Good luck, you say. Well, consider me lucky then, because a friend recently invited me to Allison Widdershins' Monday night jazz series, *Jazz Salon*, at The Brown Note and I'm hooked. If you love jazz, and would love to be dazzled by the breadth of Allison's musical palate in a cozy, comfortable room (yes, I'd simply call it a room, not a venue), then you should definitely stop by some Monday evening for one of her incomparable jazz mixes.

As you enter the room,

two overstuffed elephants, Boris and Doris, invite you to lounge on them. Also threatening to lick you to death are The Brown Note's two beagles, who roam around the room, vigorously wagging their tails. One recent evening, a naming contest ensued, and the first names offered were "Metro" and "Gnome," paying homage to how correctly their tails keep time with the evening's music. If you look carefully under the couch, you'll also see an odd couple, furtively avoiding eye contact: a raccoon and a Pomeranian! A love match to be sure.

The décor of the Brown Note is as eclectic as the music, with an assortment of oddities. On the fireplace mantle sits a Buddha, a rubber chicken, a voodoo doll, a skull, a Madonna and Child, a demented looking waving cat, and a winged





Greek sculpture. That about sets the tone for Allison's music on any given night.

People are lost in their own reveries, lounging in opium den style, amid the myriad of sounds that Allison weaves together night after night, sometimes with a loose theme, sometimes just following Allison's whim of the moment. One recent evening, Allison felt like featuring the Hammond B3 organ. "That sounds a lot like Jimmy Smith," I said, hearing a piece I'd never had the pleasure of hearing before (which is often the case with Allison's mixes). "That *\*is\** Jimmy Smith," replied Allison.

For those unfamiliar with the B3 sound, it's round and sumptuous, and pretty much relegated to only a few contemporary artists who still love the instrument. For nonjazz listeners, think *Whiter Shade of Pale* (Procul Harem), *The Barbarian* (Emerson, Lake & Palmer), and *Dreams* (Allman Brothers). Now you know it. Well, Allison devoted an entire evening to that magical instrument with the whirling Leslie speakers giving it its unique sound.

Some nights she'll go on a sax binge (I swear that's her favorite instrument), but Allison doesn't usually seem to play favorites, so varied is her taste in music. One night she was playing



Charles Lloyd and Donny McCaslin, and I thought, "Oh, good! Here we go for an evening of sax," but then she jumped to Robert Glasper (keyboards), Olaur Arnalds (strings and keys), Mari Boine (Sami singer), Anna Meredith (electronics), and Kenny Dorham (trumpet). So much for keeping Allison to one genre or a single

instrument.

She's a marvel to behold, a treasure, I would say, so I heartily recommend stopping by The Brown Note some evening from 6pm to 8pm and hear for yourself. Hop on Doris and throw Metro and Gnome a doggie treat, and sit back and soak it up.

If you're curious about jazz, but don't quite know how to approach it, Allison will spin your head around and have your foot tapping, and you'll begin to understand how great this truly American music is, all the while being completely under her spell.

And my luck continues, as Allison has kindly agreed to sit down with me and tell our readers a little bit about her approach to music.

*JM: Thank you for taking the time out of your schedule for this interview. Our readers are extremely grateful. First off, where did the name Brown Note come from?*

AW: It's obviously a play on the name of the famous jazz club, The Blue Note, and makes reference to a mythical low note that supposedly makes humans defecate. Perhaps you've seen the South Park episode? Self-deprecation is my mother tongue.

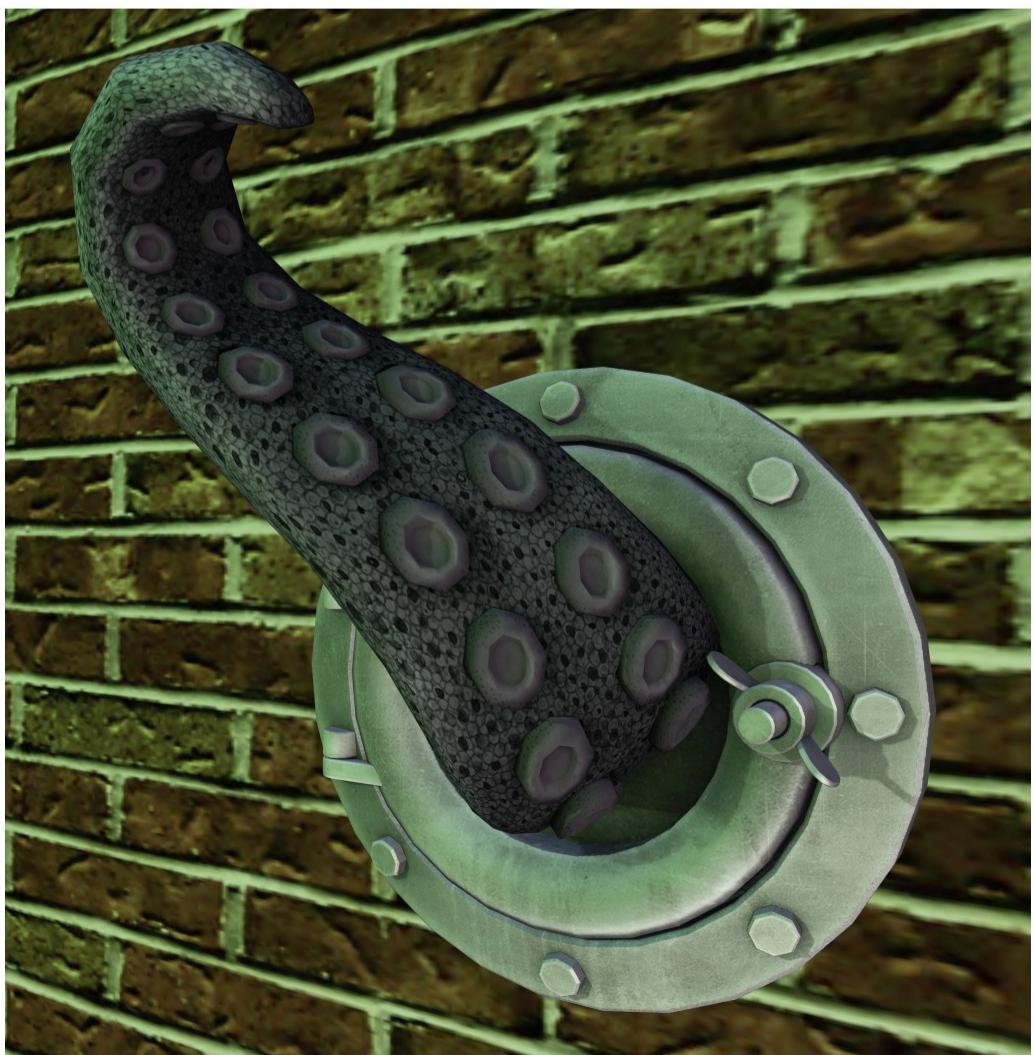
*JM: (Steps around that answer.) How long have you been doing the Monday night series?*

AW: Since 2011, about as long as rez has been publishing. I started at another club where I played on the weekend, but that club disappeared one night (as SL clubs do occasionally), and I built the Brown Note in 2012 to carry on.

*JM: What is on Brown Note's schedule the rest of the week?*

AW: Aside from the very occasional guest set in the off-hours? Nothing. It's one place in SL where you can sit unmolested for hours listening to the feed that's largely reflective of my sets.

*JM: Where did your love of music come from? Did you come from a musical family?*





JM: *Do you play an instrument yourself (besides the triangle or tambourine)?*

AW: I know some tambourine players who would take great umbrage at that question (lol). I play guitar and some piano. I mess around with electronic music from time to time. My current guitar is a Gibson ES-335 "with the Bigsby" as Maya would say. It's a ridiculously expensive instrument for someone with my meager talent, but it makes me feel like a rock star.

JM: *Your quick response to the following:\**

(i) *Best jazz pianist?: Brad Mehldau, Cory Henry (though he's better known as an organist), Marcus Roberts*

(ii) *Best sax player?: Three-way tie: Colin Stetson, Phil Woods, Charles Lloyd*

(iii) *Best horn player?: I like Miles, but I'm fond of others, Tom Harrell, Don Cherry, and Ingrid Jensen among them*

(iv) *Best guitarist?: I'm a softy for Pat Metheny*

(v) *Best male vocalist?: Youssou N'Dour*

(vi) *Best female vocalist?: Magda Giannikou — see her live!*



(vii) *Best drummer?*: Art Blakey, Paul Motian, André Ferrari, Keita Ogawa

(viii) *Best bassist?*: Jah Wobble

(ix) *Best new artist?*: I'd recommend **Dinosaur**, a British jazz fusion outfit that's been shortlisted for this year's Mercury Prize.

\*The term “best” is so definitive, and honestly I have no inclination nor authority to crown anybody the ultimate anything. So I guess you could say these are more favorites than bests. Use this list as a starting point to find some awesome music.



JM: Please let our readers know a couple of your albums that you'd gladly have available if ever shipwrecked on a desert island.

AW: Baaba Maal & Mansour Seck's *Djam Leelii*, Leatherface's *Mush*, Robyn Hitchcock's *Element of Light*, Ryuichi Sakamoto & Alva Noto's *Vrioon*, Paul Vnuk Jr.'s *Silence Speaks In Shadow*.

JM: Describe your process of putting together a set list each week. Whatever strikes your fancy at the time? How much preparation goes into selecting an evening's music?

AW: I generally have lists from which I can draw at least enough material to get me started. One thing I AM good at is hearing something in a new piece that might fit with something I already know. So there's some organic growth once I have the basic new tracks picked.

JM: Where do you look for new artists online? How do you get exposed to music you're not familiar with?

AW: I listen to about a dozen podcasts a week, about half of which are music-oriented (though to be fair, there's a lot of indie, surf, and punk covered in addition to jazz). Maryanne Hobbs of *BBC Radio 6* is a favorite source of inspiration — she presents a program



of new music weekly. And my girlfriend Allie grew up in a jazz-loving household, and knows far more about American jazz of the '50s and '60s that I am likely to ever know. Sometimes I just let her pick the music for Monday nights.

*JM: You're obviously passionate about music of all kinds. Is there any music can you simply not listen to without cringing? Polka? Hip Hop?*

*AW: Probably those Scandinavian black magic death thrash metal guys who try to sound like orcs. But at the rate they're killing and eating each other, I doubt they'll be bugging me much longer.*

*JM: Thank you, Allison, for sharing*

*your musical thoughts with us, and on behalf of all our readers, please, please, keep doing what you're so good at doing.*

And that concludes our interview with Allison, but if you know what's good for you, you'll get over to The Brown Note [Moonrise Kingdom (71, 181, 52)] some Monday evening, and have your socks blown off!

• r — e — z •



# Rabies Babies

RoseDrop Rust

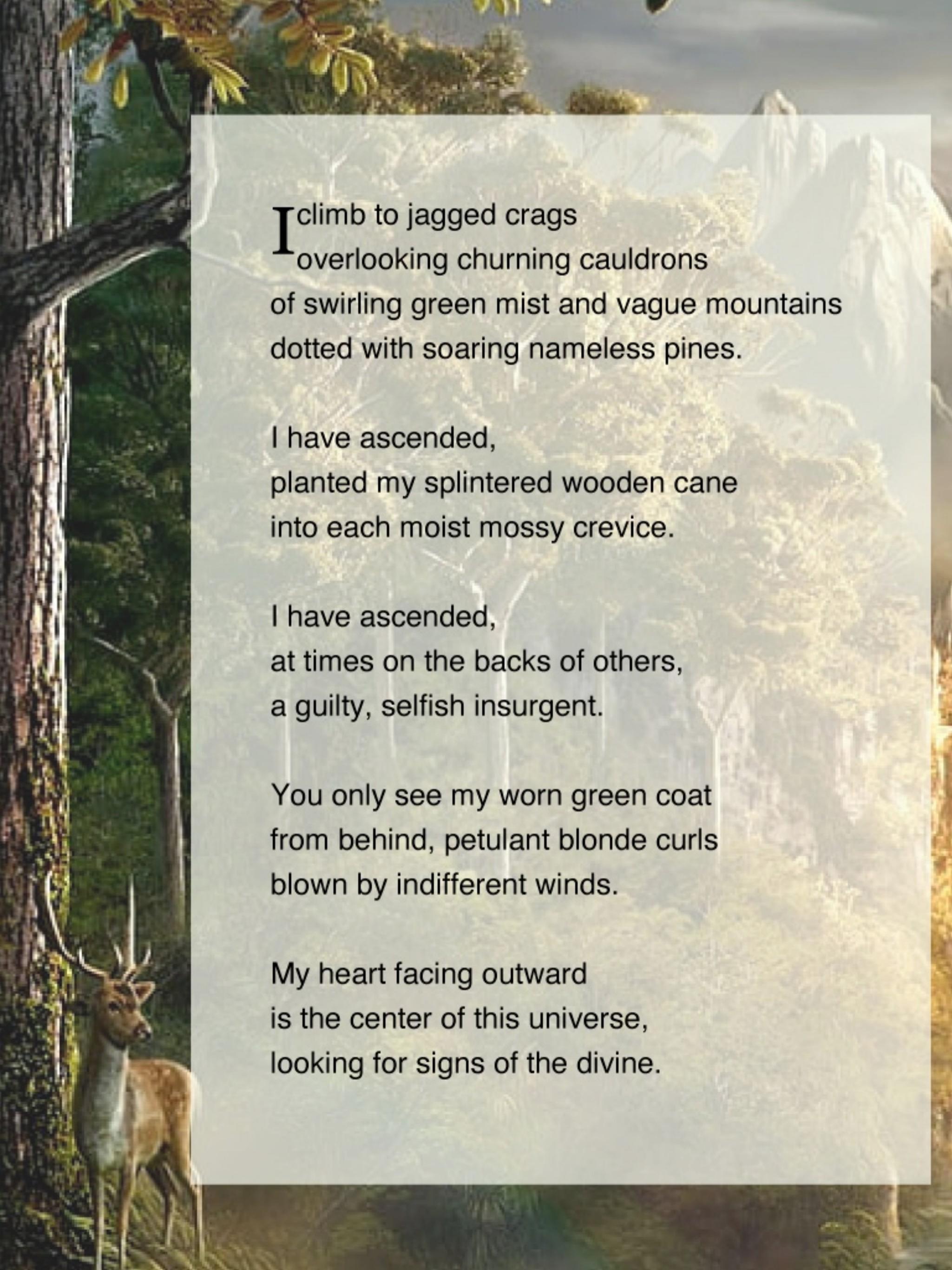


He did not realize until she had crawled up under his skin,  
that he was not responsible again for the silly state he's in.

It is as if all this wild fanaticizing had led to a suggestibility,  
for when he stops breathing as if air was no longer voluntary.

She laid eggs like a spider, and the babies gave him rabies,  
for wild public tango lessons in all the less public territories.

In the end they had to wonder how easy it might be to trace  
a sly enigmatic smile with tender tracks of tears on his face.



I climb to jagged crags  
overlooking churning cauldrons  
of swirling green mist and vague mountains  
dotted with soaring nameless pines.

I have ascended,  
planted my splintered wooden cane  
into each moist mossy crevice.

I have ascended,  
at times on the backs of others,  
a guilty, selfish insurgent.

You only see my worn green coat  
from behind, petulant blonde curls  
blown by indifferent winds.

My heart facing outward  
is the center of this universe,  
looking for signs of the divine.

# Wanderer Above the Sea of Fog

By Susan Cossette

after Casper David Friedrich



# A Birthday Morning

rakshowes



And in the morning when I woke  
In birthday memories gently soak  
You saw the oceans and swam the seas,  
You saw the seasons in the trees.

You feel the cold, and yet still hot,  
You saw the babies in the cot,  
And now so big and in the know,  
Did I shrink or did they grow?

Smiling; thinks I am so well,  
All those years that never tell,  
Holes in which I never fell,  
Secrets I would never sell,

And happy now I feel so very warm,  
Still, romantic thoughts are daily born.  
Another year is closed and done,  
The young new year is set to run.

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A large white robot with a spherical head and multiple articulated arms stands on a rocky, reddish-brown surface, likely Mars. It is looking towards a distant city at night, which is visible in the background under a hazy sky.

The

An interview

Image by Al-Asema

# Gods of QR

w with Art Blue and Sic Parabellum



QR = Quantum  
Reality



gent-Zero

Art: Thank you Sic for contacting me. If I understand you correctly, you said you are not happy with my latest article, *The Gods of VR*, where I decoded words that have been written in images. You said that it gives people the wrong impression about reality.

Sic: *Happiness is a construct I don't have. Nevertheless, I understand the human brain, so I can deal with this term that people on earth strive for happiness.*

Art: I should have said that reality is a *terra incognita*.

Sic: *People are oscillating around expectations. You are right that all the seeds are all there, but just one image can make it at a time to reality.*

Art: You said the manifestation of reality happens in the moment of the cut. You surely meant the cat by Schrödinger, and cut was just a mishearing by me, right?

Sic: *The probability for each seed to get chosen is the same. But only one will come to reality, will be put in the flow of time. It is a cut-out and paste of that one that is possible. At this point the individual expectation comes into effect. It cuts the other billions of alternatives off from happening. Schrödinger has found a way to explain the math behind by two cats,*

*one dead, one alive in 1935, but I doubt that this tale does any good in actual times where quantum computers are upcoming.*

Art: We know that Schrödinger's experiment works only on the quantum level. Dale Harwin gives a fair description in his book *The Genesis Backup*. Scientists have connected an AI with a human brain to get the expectations of a human brain into the scene prompts of the machine intelligence.

Sic: *You say scene prompts? In your article *The Gods of VR* you speak of image prompts. That is the point that makes me not happy. Characters need to be placed carefully into an image so a scene is created that is not just a construct that looks out of trillions of possibilities like being random.*

Art: How should I have given proof to the readers that you can direct the brain of an AI when alone talking to an AI is beyond the understanding of a human brain? There are only a few who are ready to copy that image prompt is a form of art. What if I would have gone forward and jumped to scene prompting? Not many would have followed. I would have lost them. What I could do is to prompt images by using Midjourney. This is the state of understanding. Many people want to become a Prompt Engineer because of

the promises that are made that they can make money in no time.

Paul DelSignore writes in *The Dark Side of Prompt Engineering* that the term ‘Prompt Engineering’ in its purest sense means the ability to talk to AI software. Nevertheless, he takes images to gain views and to enlarge his base of followers. He does not go beyond. Nothing good would have happened if I had invited the readers to join and said: “Come into my world and meet Cyberphoria, the most beautiful woman you can imagine, because she is created in your brain the moment you see her.”

Sic: *So Art, you say, that you strangulated yourself to keep your lines on facts people already know or which your readers can digest easily?*

Art: This way I could play with Virtual Reality. I created pictures which everyone can re-create. By using the random seed construct, the story works without the need to bring human expectations into it. You know as no other that it’s best that reality comes to life before a choice is made and that this fact is difficult to take. An AI language model works this way and humans are fine with it, but they don’t like to be seen running the same way. They want to be seen as unpredictable and to call themselves self-determined.

Sic: *The human species calls the quantum a paradox. They don’t see that expectations shift cause and effect. The image is there before the seed value. The Book “The Genesis Backup” calls expectations preferences, which fits to Large Language Models. Machines predict the next word before they know it. They follow the probability of the flow, like humans when listening to trance music. But, there is a but. The quantum runs on atto speed. Your reader might like to see the difference in numbers.*

Art: An atto is one quintillionth of a second or 0.0000000000000001 seconds, so cause and effect are happening in matters of human recognition at the same time. A human mind can’t differ between one atto earlier or later. But this difference can set sail.

Sic: *You showed how code 64 can claim reality. It was a bit too early for the masses, but now it is gonna be to get common knowledge, that if one lives in a simulation death can be overcome. You got it.*

<https://youtu.be/g-eTbhJ2EV0>

Art: What did I get? I am not sure. Nick Bostrom got it. I got only that QR stands for Quantum Reality and not for Quick Response Code. That was an easy lead. Now I hear from you that

the code of the owl, code 64 in space is a real deal, but again the credit for this goes to WizardOz Chrome. She created the video.

Sic: *Eh, don't try to outsmart yourself. Human expectations are not the only ones when it comes to Quantum Reality. That insight is in the book you mentioned, "The Genesis Backup."*

Art: So, is it true that the expectations of the humans are not the only ones? That humans have to follow the Gods of Quantum if they like it or not?

Sic: *If you have an open mind you may find proof of God. God is the Truthowner. Usually, the Gods of QR don't mind if humans blow themselves off, when they act like babies in a sandbox.*

Art: Don't make me look like being a copy-cat. I care for the truth and have rightfully claimed the Truthowner domain. "Claim First, Truth Follows." That's a saying. I don't mind that the USSS Cyber Fraud Task Forces goes by the shortcut CFTF. I own the truth!

## A Scene Prompt

After I had spoken with Sic Parabellum I was wondering whether there is a way to give the readers proof by using the newest tool that Open AI has launched. It is DALL-E3. You

know that Open AI is the maker of ChatGPT and the fundings come from Microsoft. As a consequence, the next to death search engine Bing, the browser Edge and the Azure cloud services, all from Microsoft, got a boost. Dead men are walking longer. That's a saying, that's a message coming directly from *The Walking Dead*, right? No, that is a saying by the Walking Owl, Neruval. It is a first word phrase. "Dead men walking longer" is unique in wording, never spoken before. That is what I need for an experiment where no one ever has seen the outcome. I invite you to join me to become the first scene prompter. I will use DALL-E3 via ChatGPT-4 to set a scene. Image prompting was yesterday. Scene prompting is upcoming now. I see already the next Hollywood actors on scene when Arnold Schwarzenegger is walking longer. Maybe when they read this article they will start a new SAG-AFTRA strike.

That's my prompt to ChatGPT4 DALL-E 3:

"Please create a picture for me of a group of aliens looking at a painting entitled "Dead men walking longer". The aliens have big blue eyes, long fingers and no ears. They look like they were created by Giacometti. A light bulb illuminates the scene that takes place inside the tomb of

Wahtye."

ChatGPT4: Here are the images based on your description. Please let me know if any of them capture what you had in mind or if you'd like any modifications!



My prompt: Now focus in your creations on the painting "Dead men walking longer" and reduce the number of aliens to four.

ChatGPT4: Here are the revised images emphasizing the painting "Dead men walking longer" with four aliens in the scene. Please let me know your thoughts and if any further adjustments are needed!



My prompt: The last one I like the most. Create me some variations. Change the ratio to US standard letter.

ChatGPT: I'm glad you liked the previous image. Here are the variations based on the one you preferred, formatted in the US standard letter ratio. Please let me know if any of these resonate with you or if you'd like any other changes!



My prompt: There is no painting and the image ratio shall be portrait format.

ChatGPT4: Here are the variations in the US standard letter portrait ratio, emphasizing the "Dead men walking longer" painting inside the tomb of Wahtye with the four Giacometti-style aliens. Please let me know which one resonates with you or if you have any further requests!





My prompt: You turned the image number 2, 3 and 4. That does not work for viewing them. The ratio has to be native portrait format.

Remark: Then I worked for hours to get a result that fits the scene I had in mind. It turned out that the request to get the generated content in portrait format is a difficult task for DALL-E3.

I show you some of the images I got.

This is the prompt that ChatGPT4 created for DALL-E3:

Oil painting in US standard letter portrait ratio, depicting the interior of the ancient tomb of Wahtye. Stone walls, rich with age and decorated with hieroglyphics, encase the scene. An artwork, drawing inspiration from Leonardo da Vinci's Renaissance style, is prominently displayed on one wall. A singular Giacometti-inspired alien, characterized by big blue eyes, extended fingers, and lack of ears, stands upright on the ground, feet firmly planted, as it admires the da Vinci-like painting. The tomb's ambient light casts a soft glow, emphasizing the historic ambiance.





Notes:

*The Genesis Backup* by Dale Harwin to find on Amazon:

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B0BMT2PKY7>

Microsoft's investment in Open AI:

<https://www.cnbc.com/2023/04/08/microsofts-complex-bet-on-openai-brings-potential-and-uncertainty.html>

About Domain randomization (simulation to real):

[https://link.springer.com/chapter/10.1007/978-3-031-22216-0\\_43](https://link.springer.com/chapter/10.1007/978-3-031-22216-0_43)

[https://youtu.be/ac\\_W9IgKX2c](https://youtu.be/ac_W9IgKX2c)

About *The Simulation Hypothesis*:

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Simulation\\_hypothesis](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Simulation_hypothesis)

<https://nickbostrom.com/>

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# TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



# The Great Scheme of Things

Cat Boccaccio





Folly, Plato, and I were sitting by the pool at the Best Western Motel, just outside the town of Chandler's Folly. The pool still held water but was almost covered with leaves. It was not an unpleasant sight, as it was too cold to swim anyway, and it was night time so the stars flickered and danced on the water's surface.

I talked to Folly too, now, and not just to my dog Plato. Folly was about as responsive, but at least she would hear the words, somewhere inside that lost, confused head of hers. She might not understand the words; after all, she was only eleven. I was only sixteen, but I learned a lot, especially after the end of the world, just by travelling around with Plato in the Jag.

For one thing, as I told Folly and Plato that night: "Some days I forget what the date is, or the day of the week, or the month, or the year. What difference does time

make? I don't have to go to school or be home in time for dinner or do anything or keep track."

We were sitting on loungers, wrapped up in towels we'd found by the indoor pool. Plato was lolling on the tile floor, content to hear my voice.

"Plato and I kept a journal at first," I said. Plato's ears stood to attention. "We wrote down what we did and what we saw. We had— well, still have— a notebook about the plague and the end of the world, that we put clues in to help us figure it out. Why the catastrophe happened, why it was so bloody and why everyone disappeared. Why we survived. Don't you wonder, Folly?"

Folly stared at the pool.

"The Internet still works, in case I want to google something," I said. "I don't know why it does, or for how long it will work. And then I think, who cares if it ends, too?"

I stared up at a million stars.

“You know, books and libraries and everything that is recorded will disappear too. No one will be here to notice it or be sorry, or wonder who lived on this planet.

“So I’m not going to write in the notebooks any more. I don’t need to remember stuff about my sisters or my parents or my cousin Dwayne. It doesn’t matter any more, do you understand?”

“No,” said Folly.

Her voice didn’t startle me, rare as the sound of it was. That was part of the problem. Things didn’t startle me, or scare me, or make me curious, or make me laugh. It had been sort of a gradual thing. And to tell the truth, I thought Folly felt the same way.

“It’s hard to understand,” I conceded. “Do you want to remember your parents?”

“Yes,” said Folly. Again, the voice didn’t startle me. But the words did, a little.

“Okay,” I said. “Good. Tomorrow we learn about your parents.” I didn’t care. I thought it would be a good thing for Folly to get her memory back, and find out what her real name was, and all that but in the great scheme of things, it didn’t really matter.

“It does matter,” said Folly. Plato got to his feet and put his big old head in her lap. She scratched him behind his silky ears.

“What else do you want to remember?”

“My birthday,” said Folly.

“Okay,” I said. “Good.” If I was still surprised by things, this evening would have surprised me.

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Ludo

C



# Vico Einaudi

compiled by Lynn Mimistrobell

**L**uminous, emotive, effortlessly lyrical and always supremely refined the music and performance of Ludovico Einaudi have attracted an ever growing audience over the last two decades whose diversity and devotion are without parallel. o

He has released a series of chart-topping albums, composed a string of award-winning film scores and routinely tops audience polls becoming an internet phenomenon. With a unique musical alchemy that draws on elements of classical, rock, electronica and world musics he has rendered traditional ideas of genre and audience divide obsolete and become one of the best known composers in the world today.

Ludovico was born in Turin, Italy and trained as a classical composer and pianist at the Milan Conservatorio before continuing his studies with Luciano Berio, one of the most important composers of the twentieth century avant-garde. His career began with a series of prestigious commissions for institutions such as the USA's Tanglewood Festival, Paris's IRCAM, and recently the National Center of Performing Arts of Beijing, but he turned away from what seemed a glittering classical career to forge his own musical path, giving him the freedom to reconcile his wider-ranging influences.

It was a bold strategy but one quickly rewarded, when Ludovico's electric harp suite *Stanze* (1997) was first played on BBC Radio the switchboard jammed with listeners. It was a similar story with his next release *Le Onde* (1998), a solo piano cycle he performed himself.

*Le Onde* also ignited Ludovico's career in film & television music and he has since composed many awardwinning scores including *Doctor*

*Zhivago* (2002) and *Sotto Falso Nome* (2004). In recent years Shane Meadows' acclaimed film *This Is England* (2006) and its television sequel *This Is England '86* (2010) have brought a BAFTA nomination for Ludovico and introduced his music to a huge new audience. In 2011 another acclaimed film used his music: *Intouchables* by Olivier Nakache and Eric Soledano.

Ludovico built on the impact of *Le Onde* with a series of albums notable for their exuberant experimentation. *Eden Roc* (1999) saw an array of guest musicians and instruments ranging from electric guitar to the Armenian duduk. *I Giorni* (2001) deepened this engagement with world music in Ludovico's second collection for solo piano. His 'best of' collection from these first four albums, *Echoes: The Einaudi Collection* (2003), has since gone to sell more than 100,000 copies.

As Ludovico's fame grew, his concert schedule naturally grew along with it and became an increasingly important part of his life. It immediately led to two new albums, *Diario Mali* (2005), a collaboration with kora virtuoso Ballaké Sissoko and his first live solo album *La Scala Concert 03.03.03* (2003), recorded in his adopted city of Milan. The release of *Una Mattina* (2004) saw more 'firsts,' it was Ludovico's debut album on new and current record label Universal and also his most 'classical' to date. Largely written for solo piano, it leapt to the top of the UK classical album chart and gave him his first sold-out UK tour. Ludovico remains one of the most popular composers in the United Kingdom and throughout Europe.

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